

MARVEL

1

**GIANT-SIZED
ONE-SHOT**

SANFORD GREENE JONATHAN HICKMAN

DOOM



RATED T+

**WITH
RACHELLE
ROSENBERG**



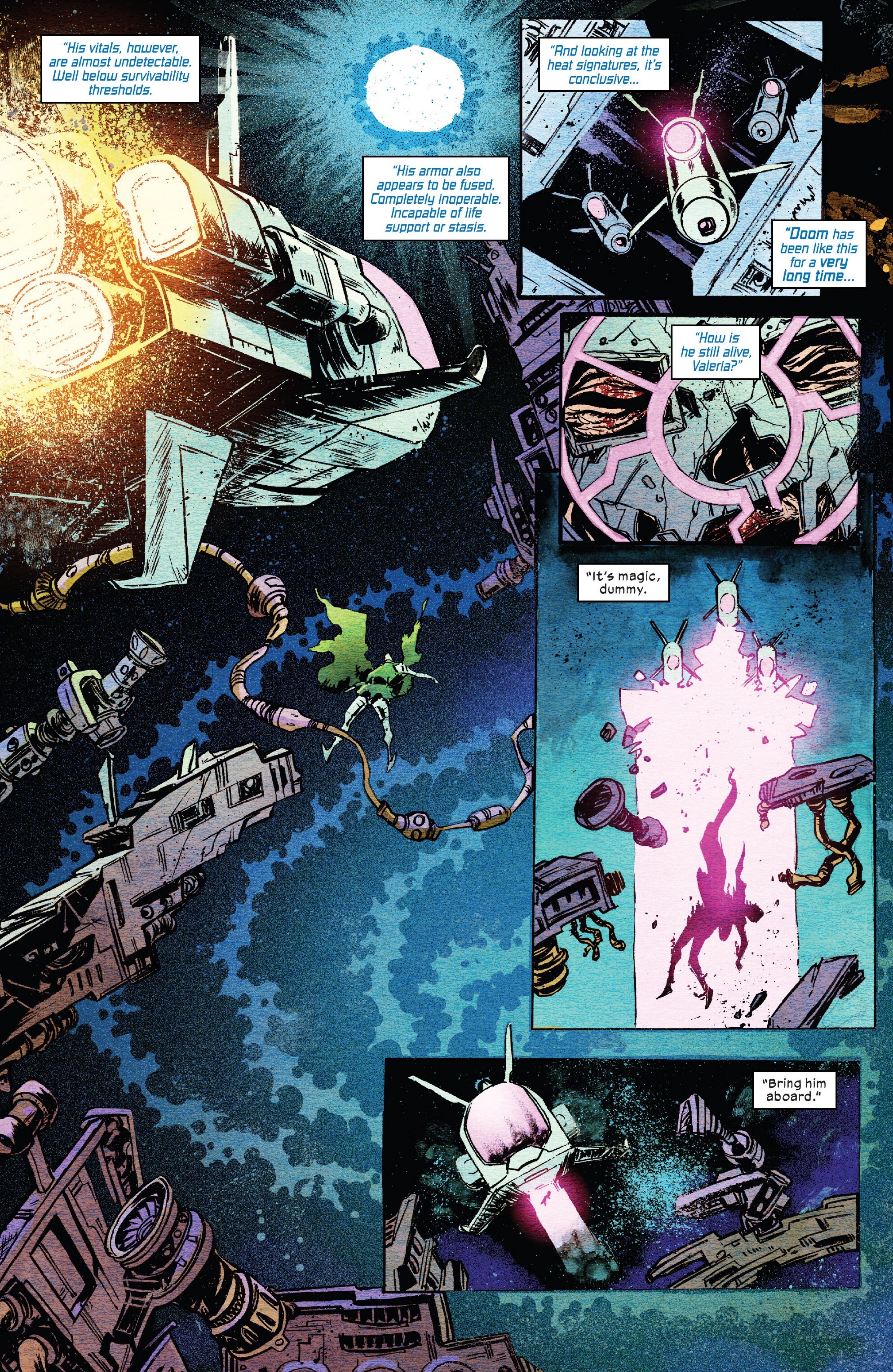
LIVING ON BORROWED TIME...

THE CLOCK TICKS FASTER...



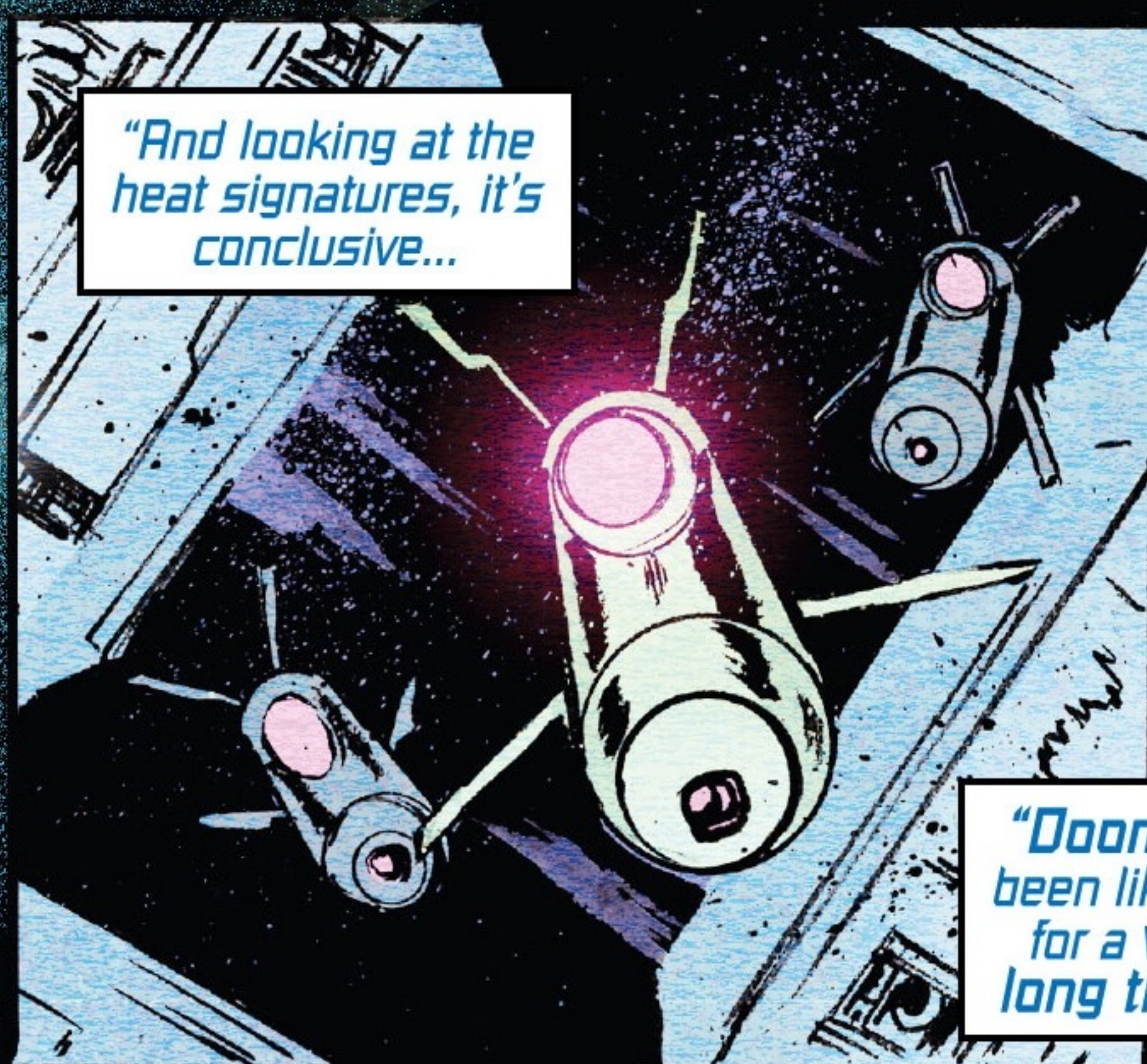
"We've
found him."





"His vitals, however,
are almost undetectable.
Well below survivability
thresholds."

"His armor also
appears to be fused.
Completely inoperable.
Incapable of life
support or stasis."

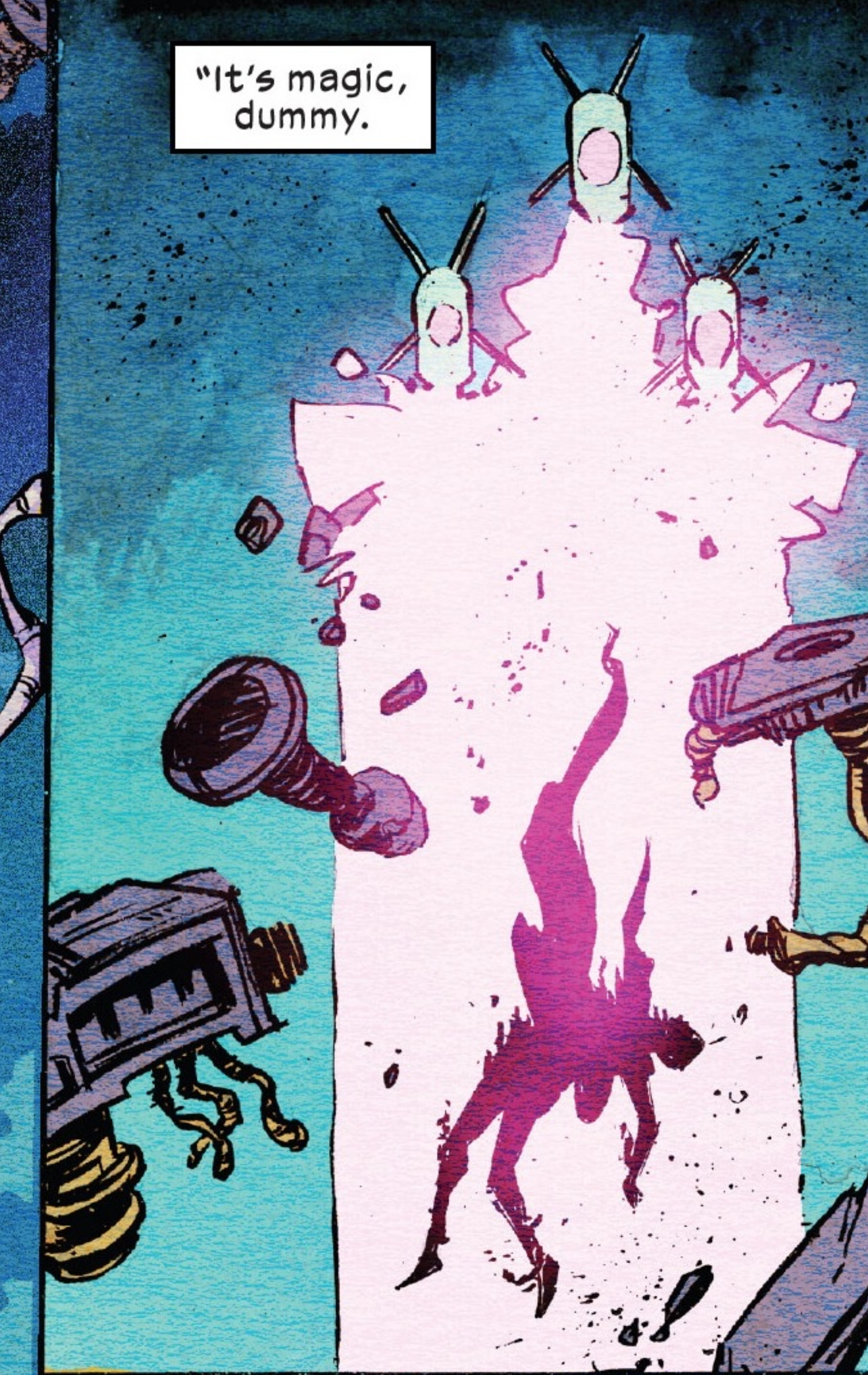


"And looking at the
heat signatures, it's
conclusive..."

"Doom has
been like this
for a very
long time..."



"How is
he still alive,
Valeria?"



"It's magic,
dummy."



"Bring him
aboard."



He's stable...
but he's going
to need a lot
of work.

Oh,
Uncle...

Look
at you.

Just
look at
what he did
to you.

DAYS OF DOOM

SANFORD GREENE & JONATHAN HICKMAN
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H.E.R.B.I.E., we need to find a place where he can recover. Nurse him back to health while we come up with a plan for what to do next.

Shi'ar space is closest and would have been perfect, but obviously that's not an option now.

Maybe--

*I think
I might have
a solution,
Valeria...*

"It must have drifted from the area where they fought, but the head of his armor appears to be intact."

Okay, vitals look good?

Then let's bring him back up. Slowly.

Reducing anesthetics... Increasing oxygen... Injecting one percent Super-Soldier Serum...

Yes. Completely stable and growing stronger by the minute. Doom is returning from the dead.

Careful there--you know I plan to give him...

I know the correct dosage, Valeria. Your father--

I don't want to talk about that.

Yes. Understood.

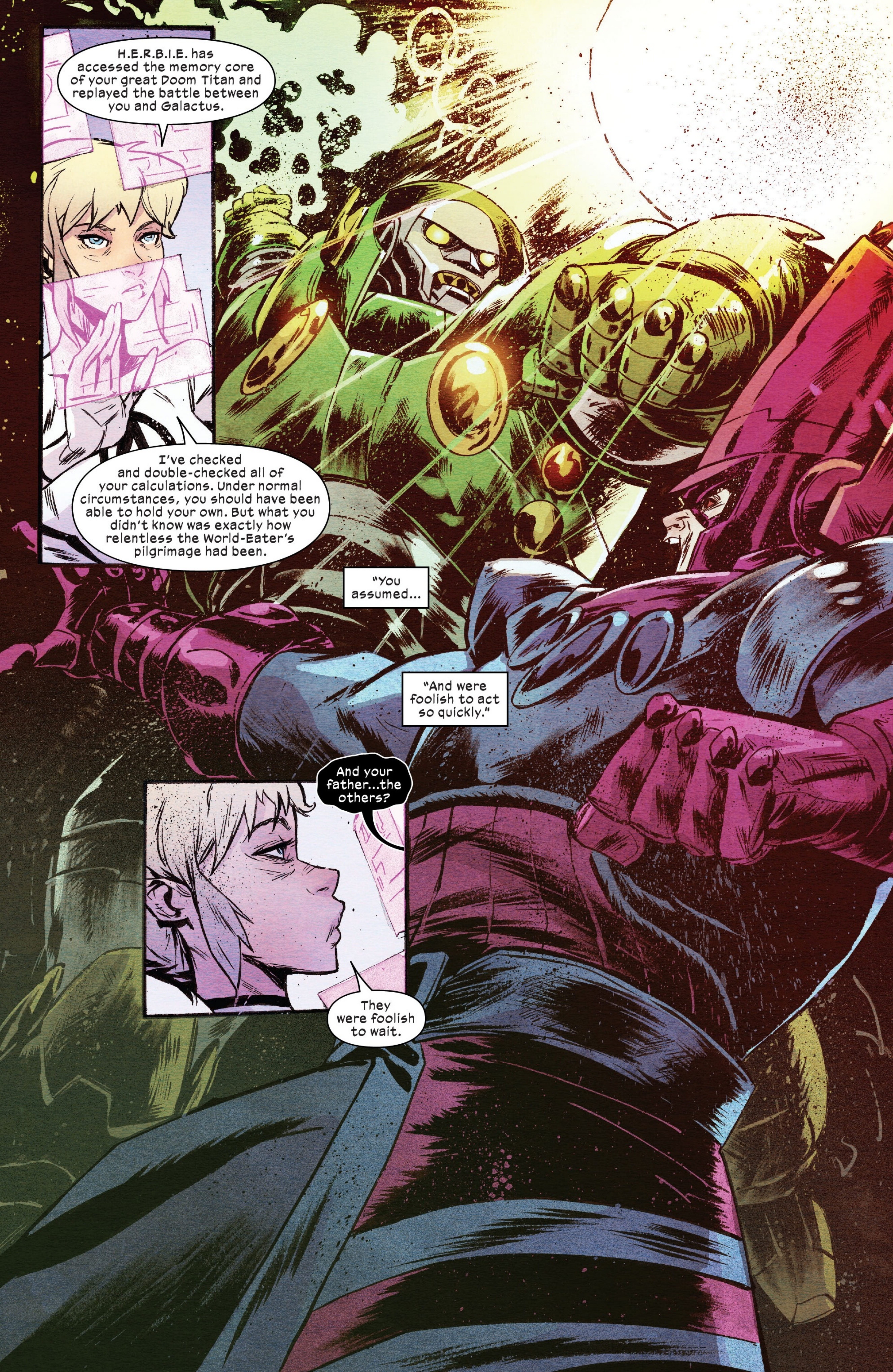
...
Val...

Valeria...

Welcome back to the land of the short-lived, Uncle.

What...
What happened?

You lost.



H.E.R.B.I.E. has accessed the memory core of your great Doom Titan and replayed the battle between you and Galactus.

I've checked and double-checked all of your calculations. Under normal circumstances, you should have been able to hold your own. But what you didn't know was exactly how relentless the World-Eater's pilgrimage had been.

"You assumed..."

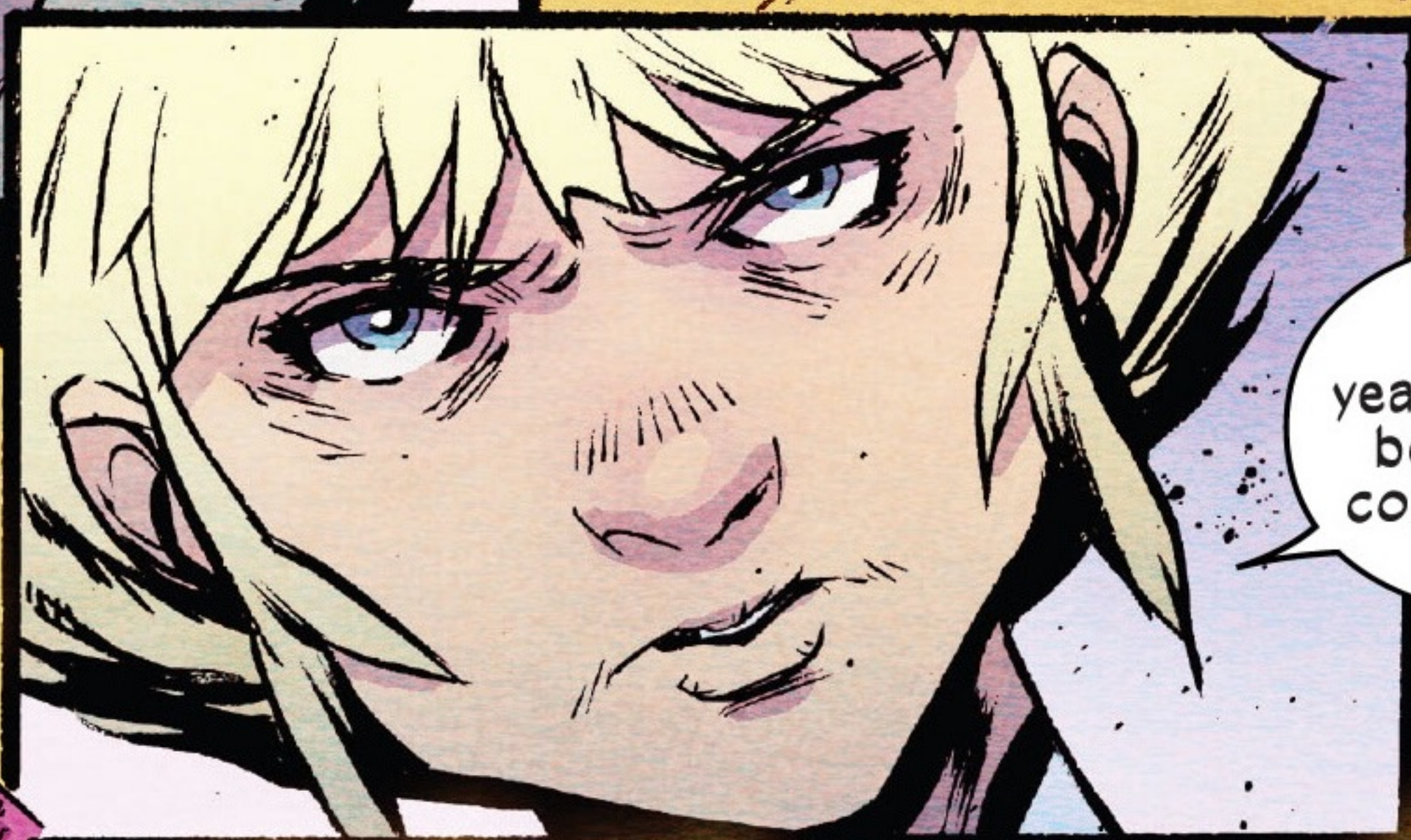
"And were foolish to act so quickly."

And your father...the others?

They were foolish to wait.



You assumed
a universal constant
like Galactus would
remain constant.



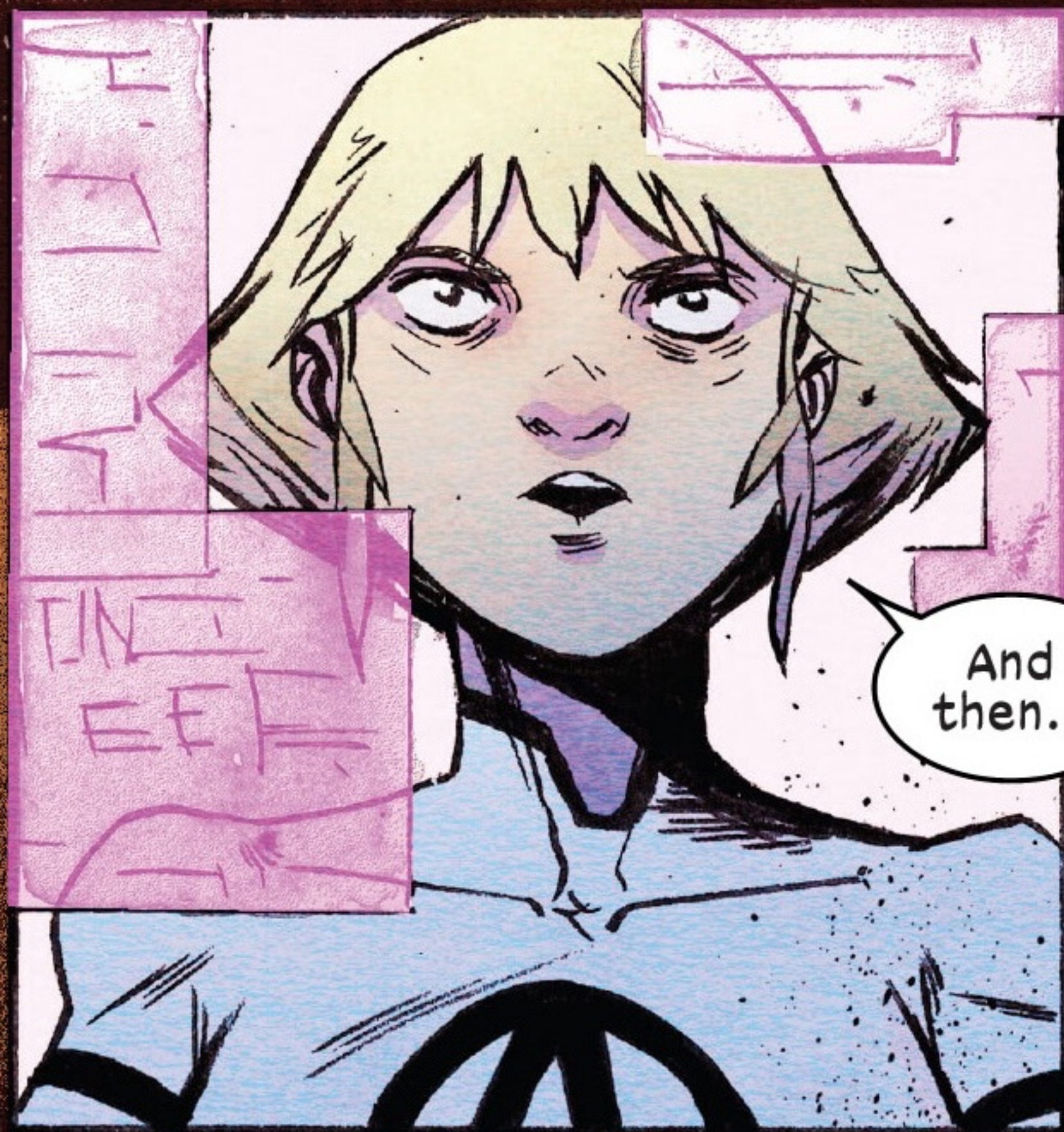
That
billions of
years of consistent
behavior would
continue without
change.



"Then you were...
disabused of
that notion."



"He
broke your
machine."



"After
that, Galactus
continued
forward."



"I understand why the mistake was made. Galactus is nothing if not an exercise in energy conservation. He moves slowly through the universe, coveting his energy... controlling his appetite."

"We have never seen--this universe has never witnessed--the World-Eater both rampant and ravenous..."

"But that is what defines him now."

"Equilibrium be damned, he has surrendered to the madness..."

"To the hunger."



After you,
he did not
stop.

He raced
from planet
to planet.
Devouring
all.



"Worlds
fell..."

"Societies
collapsed..."

"Whole
civilizations
were erased..."



"As he ate
world..."

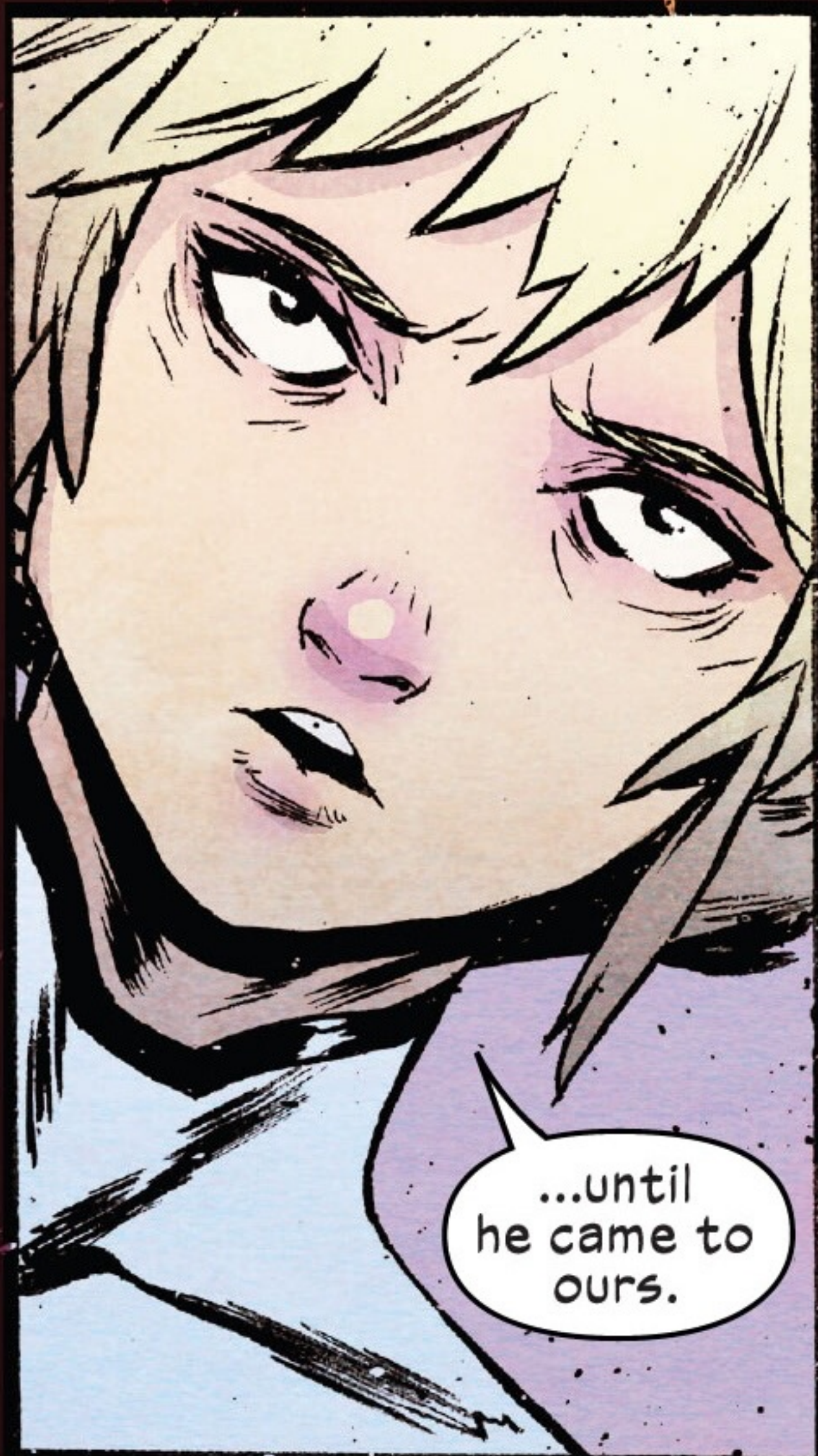


"...after
world..."



"...after
world..."





...until
he came to
ours.

"When you and Father first discovered what Galactus had been doing--and where his eventual path led--you decided to act..."

"...and *Father* decided to do what he always does..."

"He attempted to solve the problem."

"So he gathered all of Earth's heroes. He gathered all of Earth's villains."

"He strategized. He planned. He solved for everything."

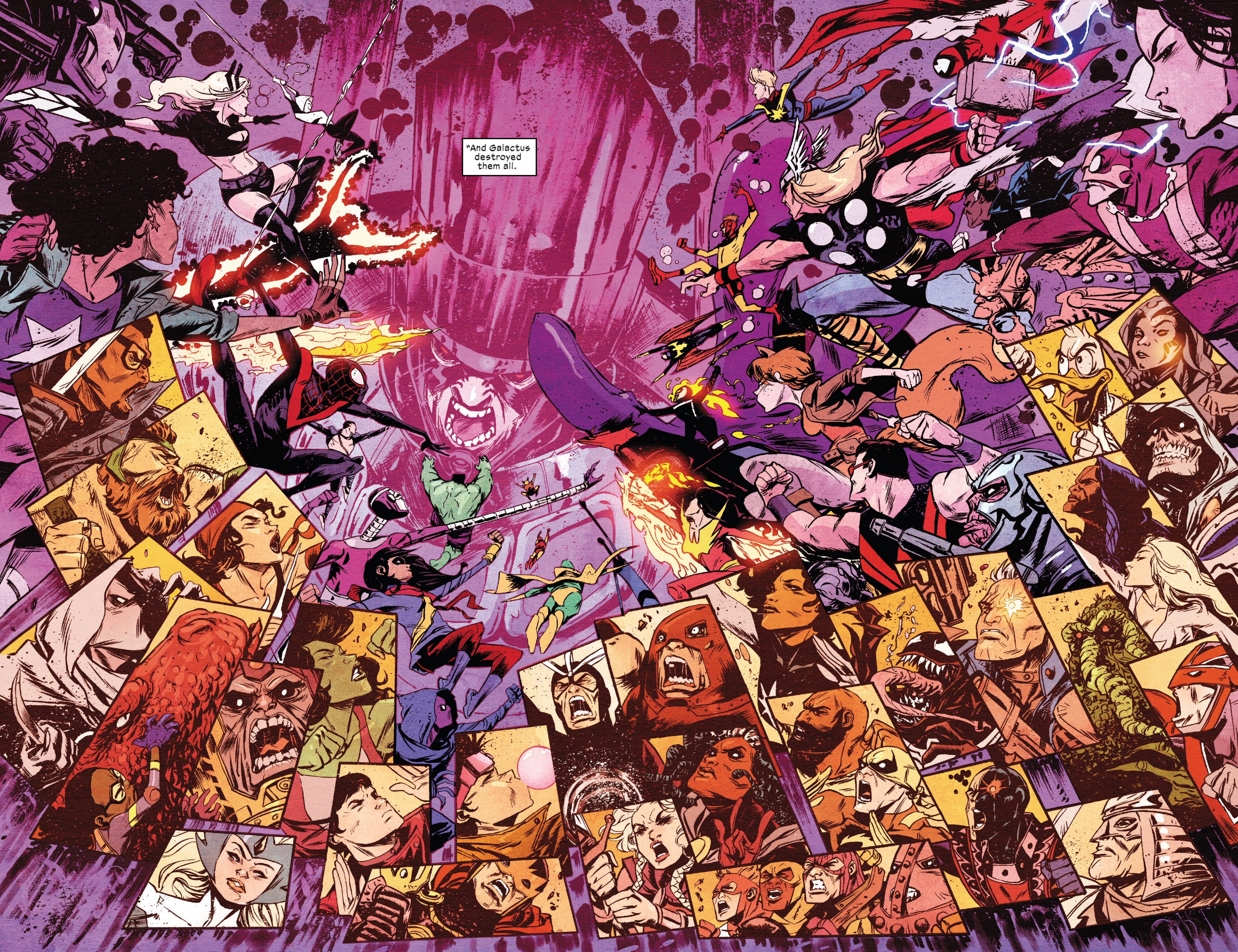




"An army was assembled..."

"They stood in the gap..."

"Faced the great enemy..."



"And Galactus
destroyed
them all."

"He left our planet a husk. An empty shell. A dead world where nothing would live again."

That was two years ago...

"...and I've been looking for you ever since."

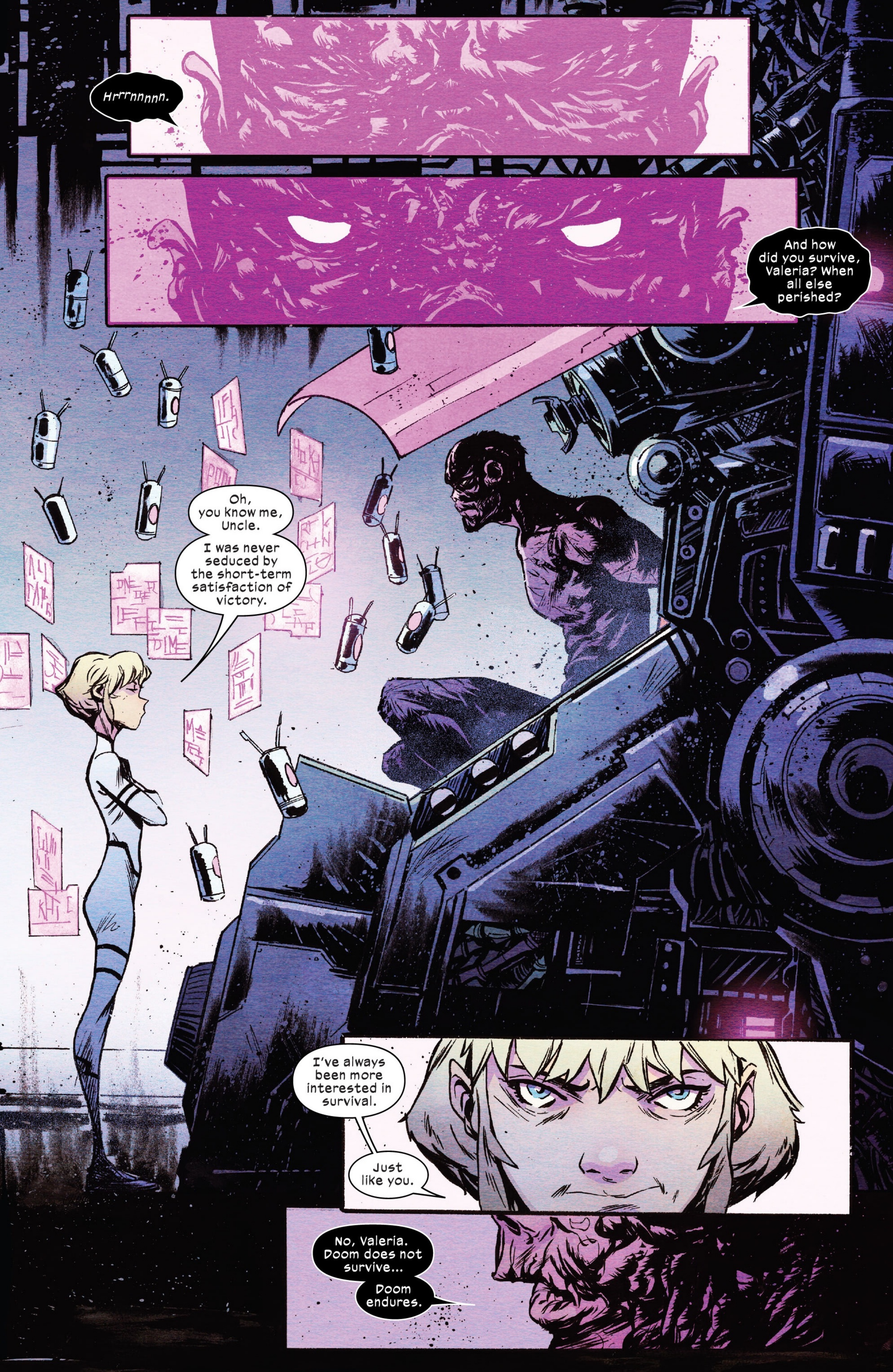




Hrrrrnnnnh.



And how did you survive, Valeria? When all else perished?



Oh, you know me, Uncle.

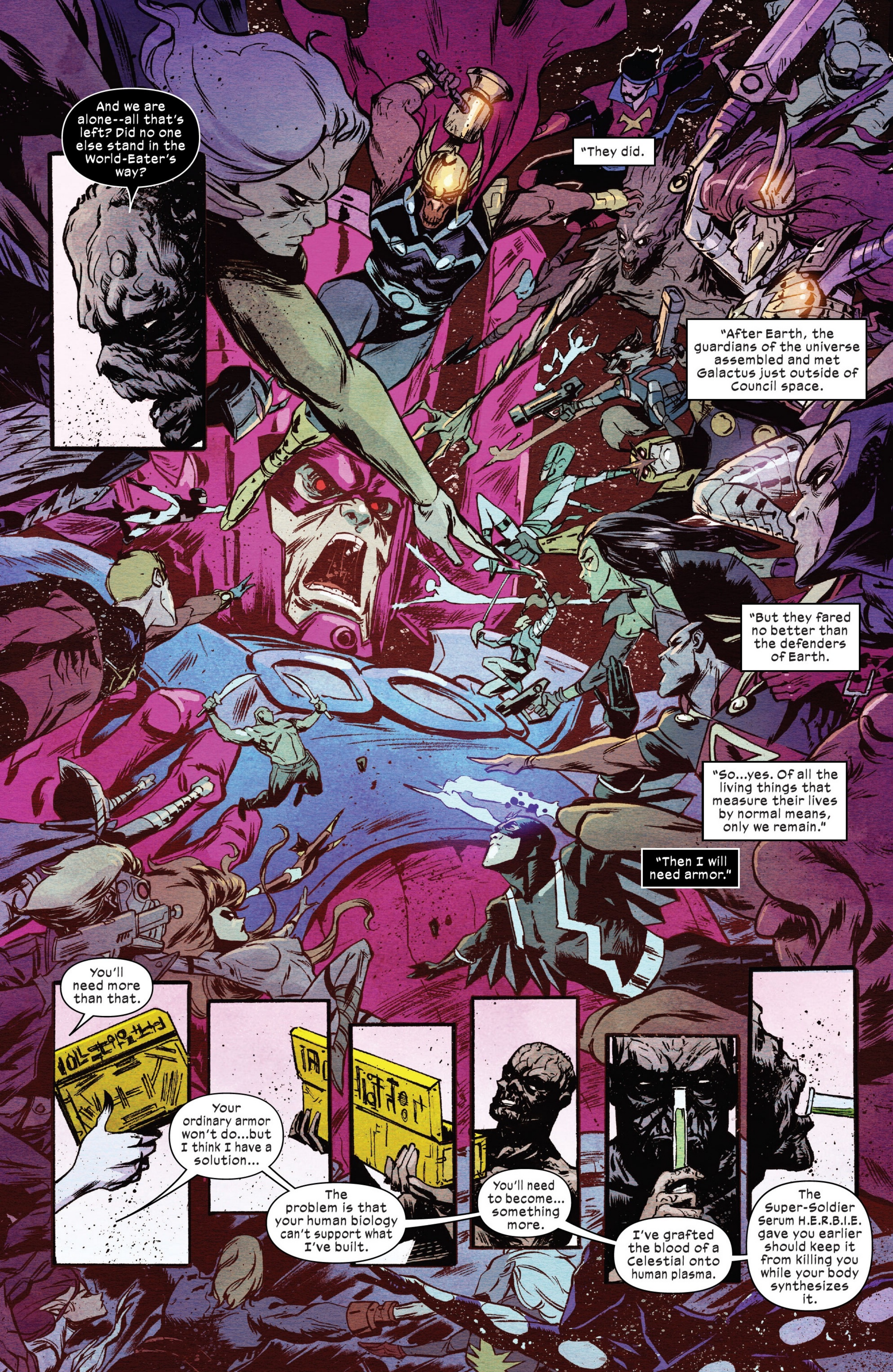
I was never seduced by the short-term satisfaction of victory.

I've always been more interested in survival.

Just like you.

No, Valeria. Doom does not survive...

Doom endures.



And we are alone--all that's left? Did no one else stand in the World-Eater's way?

"They did."

"After Earth, the guardians of the universe assembled and met Galactus just outside of Council space."

"But they fared no better than the defenders of Earth."

"So...yes. Of all the living things that measure their lives by normal means, only we remain."

"Then I will need armor."

You'll need more than that.

Your ordinary armor won't do...but I think I have a solution...

The problem is that your human biology can't support what I've built.

You'll need to become... something more.

I've grafted the blood of a Celestial onto human plasma.

The Super-Soldier Serum H.E.R.B.I.E. gave you earlier should keep it from killing you while your body synthesizes it.



As
for your
armor...

It's a
composite of
uru and
vibranium.

One for strength
and durability....
the other to serve as
a conduit for the three
Cosmic Cubes that
power both you
and the suit.

Whaddya
think,
Uncle?



Doom
is...

...pleased.

Well,
building amazing
things runs in
the family...

But
I wouldn't
be too happy
until you hear
the rest.

Ah! I see
now. At the time,
your father and I
could not understand
Galactus'
motives...



...but
you...



"Two days ago, I
watched a spiral
galaxy eat a broken
nebula..."



"...and it was so
insignificant..."



"...just
background
noise."

...you
figured it out
first, didn't
you?



"A brilliant nothing
compared to the silhouette..."

"...of what
unfolded
before it.





"I watched it all
from a few light-
years away...

"Galactus--overflowing
with the power of hundreds
of devoured planets--going
to war with Celestial gods.

"The heavens shook
as the Eater of Worlds
fought the Judges of
them. It was terrifying.

"Many gods have fallen in the
time we have known each other,
Uncle--decide is something
we have both seen...

"But I swear, the killing
of an entire pantheon
is a sight best left
for the blind...

"Who would do
such a thing?

"Who *could* do
such a thing?

"Look,
if you dare,
Uncle...

"The
answer is
Galactus.

"But as to your question of why he is doing the things he is... No, I still haven't figured it out."

CHOOM
CHOOM CHOOM

"Ah, Valeria... it's right there in front of you."

"The Celestial's machine?"

CHOOM
CHOOM
CHOOM

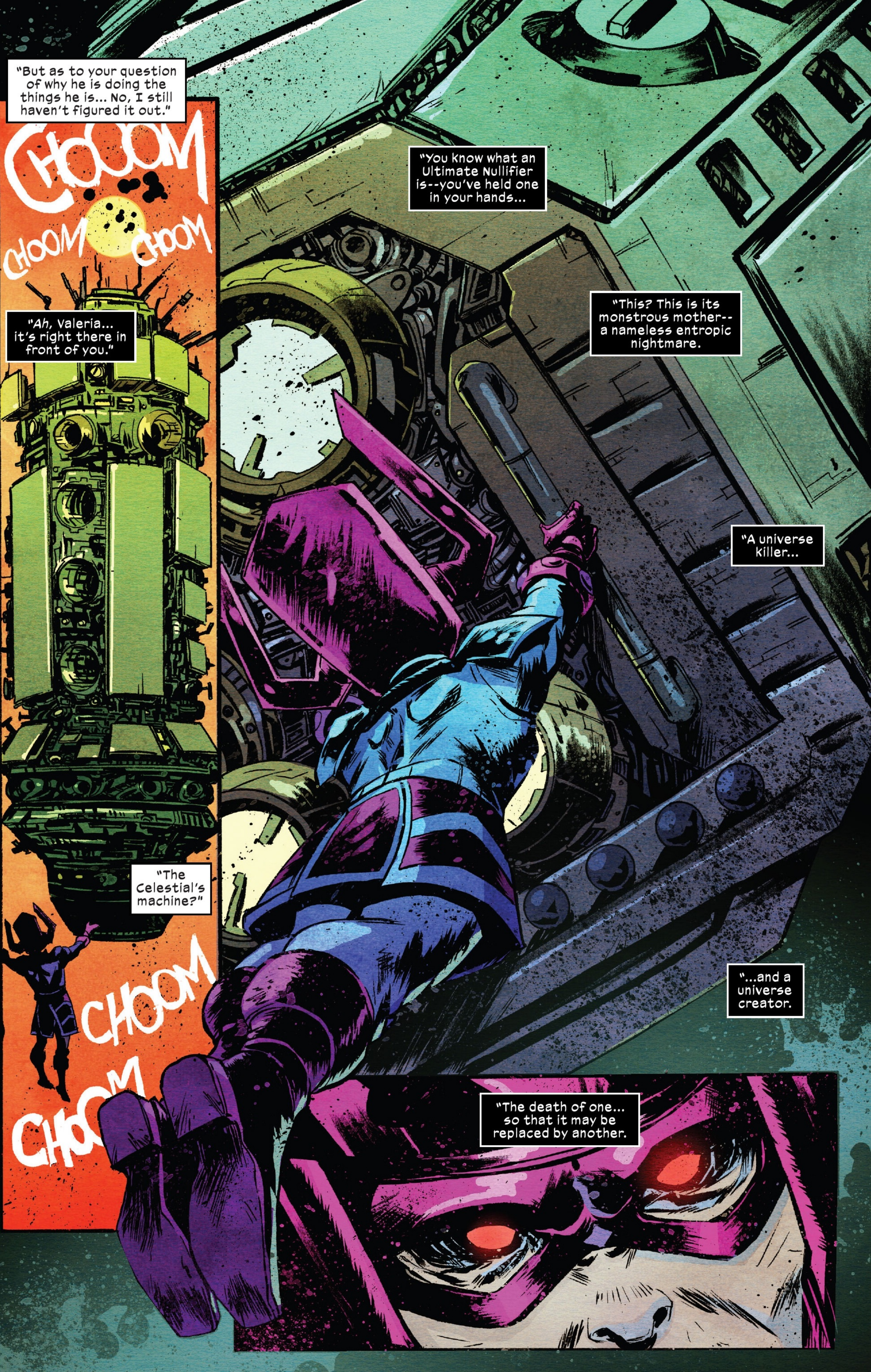
"You know what an Ultimate Nullifier is--you've held one in your hands..."

"This? This is its monstrous mother-- a nameless entropic nightmare."

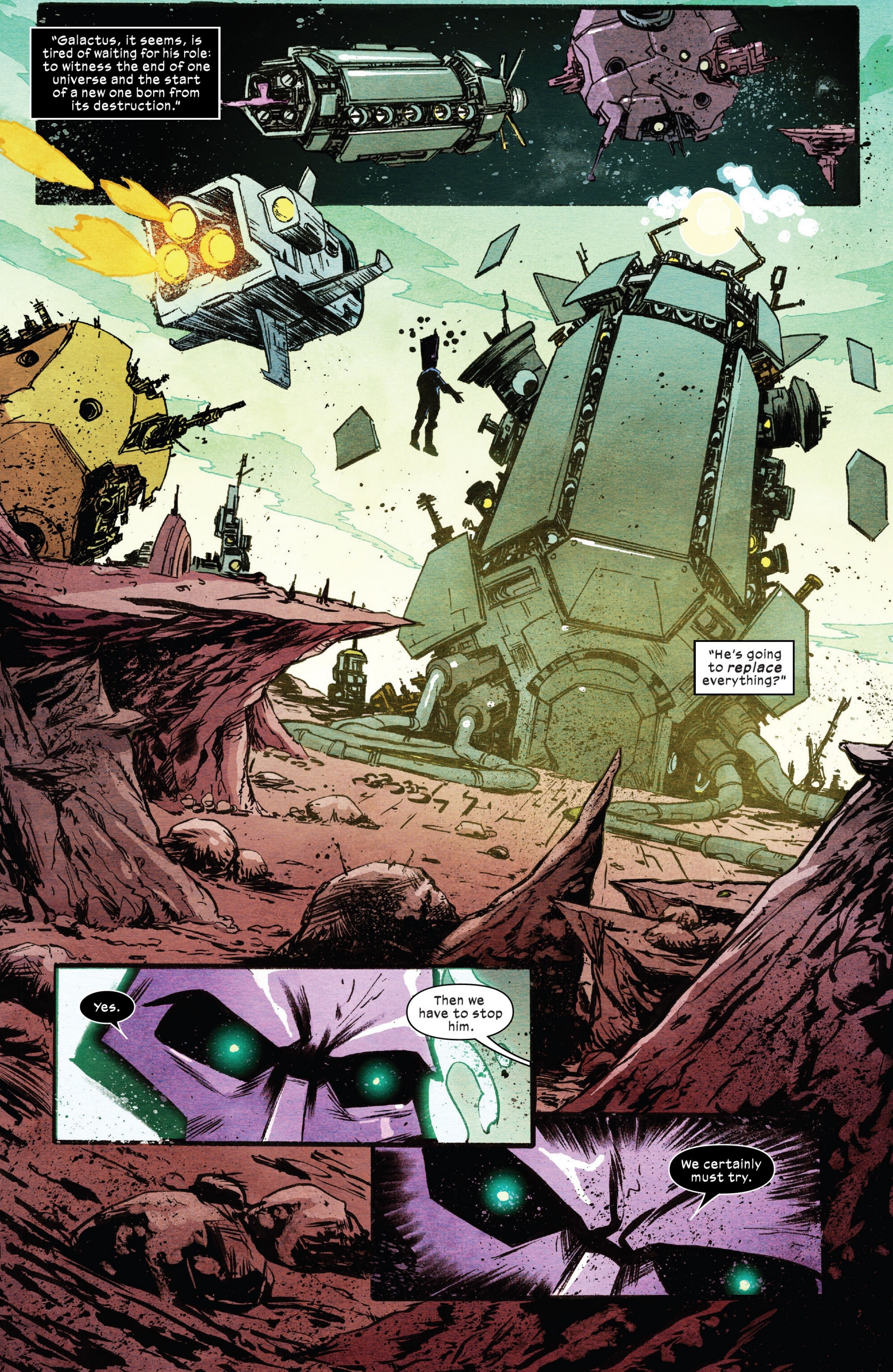
"A universe killer..."

"...and a universe creator."

"The death of one... so that it may be replaced by another."



"Galactus, it seems, is tired of waiting for his role: to witness the end of one universe and the start of a new one born from its destruction."



"He's going to *replace* everything?"

Yes.

Then we have to stop him.

We certainly must try.

"But know this--he will have new heralds. He always does..."

To watch his back as he feeds the machine from his many feedings...

"Can he destroy everything without the machine?"

"Unlikely, but--"

"But nothing. I'll try to destroy the machine. You handle the *Molecule Men*..."

"Then we'll see what's left to deal with the madness of Galactus."

I hope you've recovered enough-- I hope you're strong enough--

Strong enough? At my weakest, I am strong enough to face any foe.

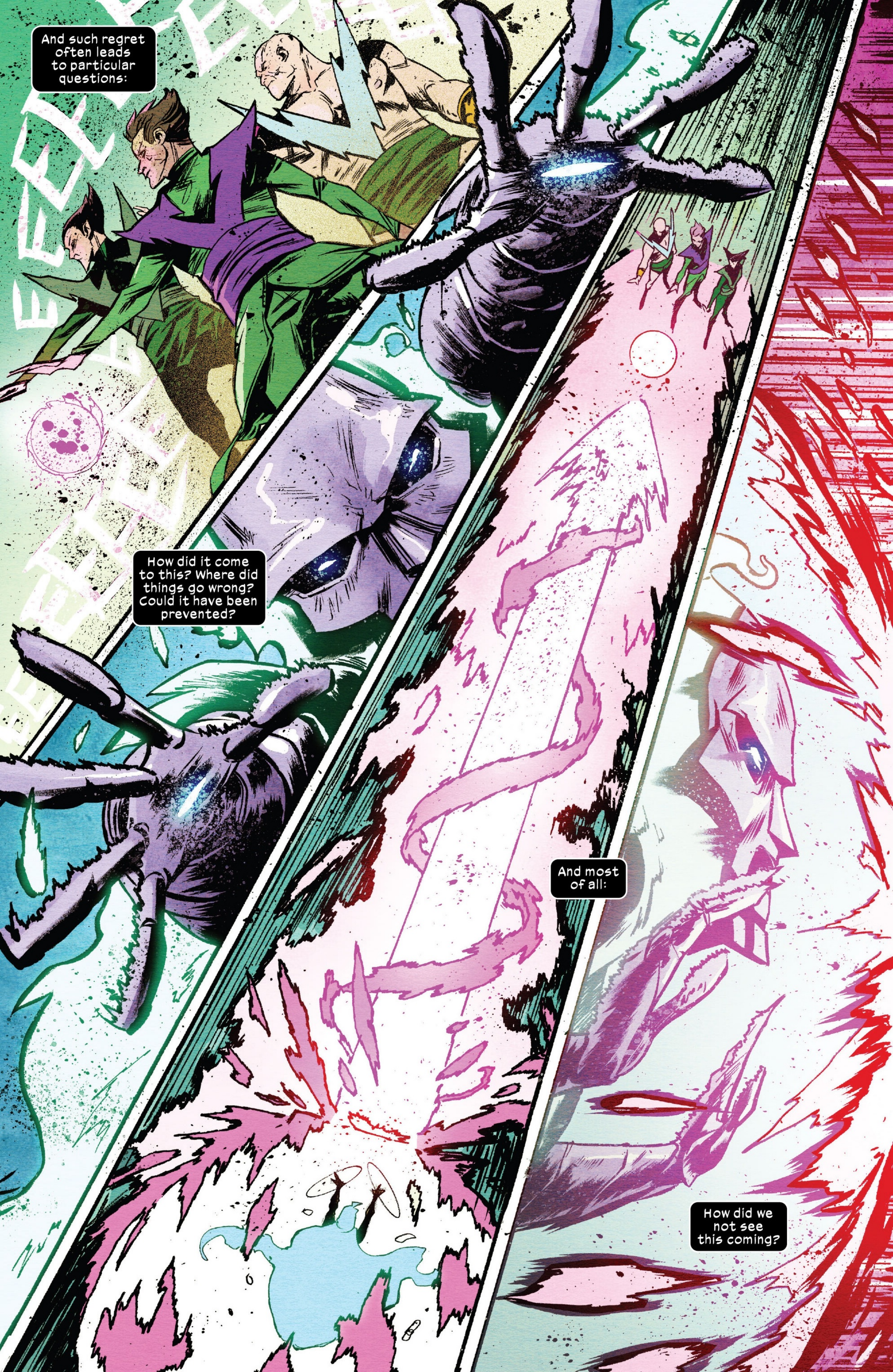
Even should it mean my end.

What follows
are the final
words of Doom:

For
most...

...everything
ends in
regret.





And such regret
often leads
to particular
questions:

How did it come
to this? Where did
things go wrong?
Could it have been
prevented?

And most
of all:

How did we
not see
this coming?



Some argue that
the right person at the
right time could have
prevented what happened.

I know the
folly of this
thinking.

When the end
comes, there
will always be the
desperate cries
of "what if?"

...I have heard
all the questions
the damned do
surely ask.

As a tyrant, as
a despot, as a
ruler of men...



Because they
think that
civilization could
have been saved.



That the empire
of man could have
been maintained.



But they do not
understand the
nature of the
universe.



The
infinite
finite...



The
endless
end...

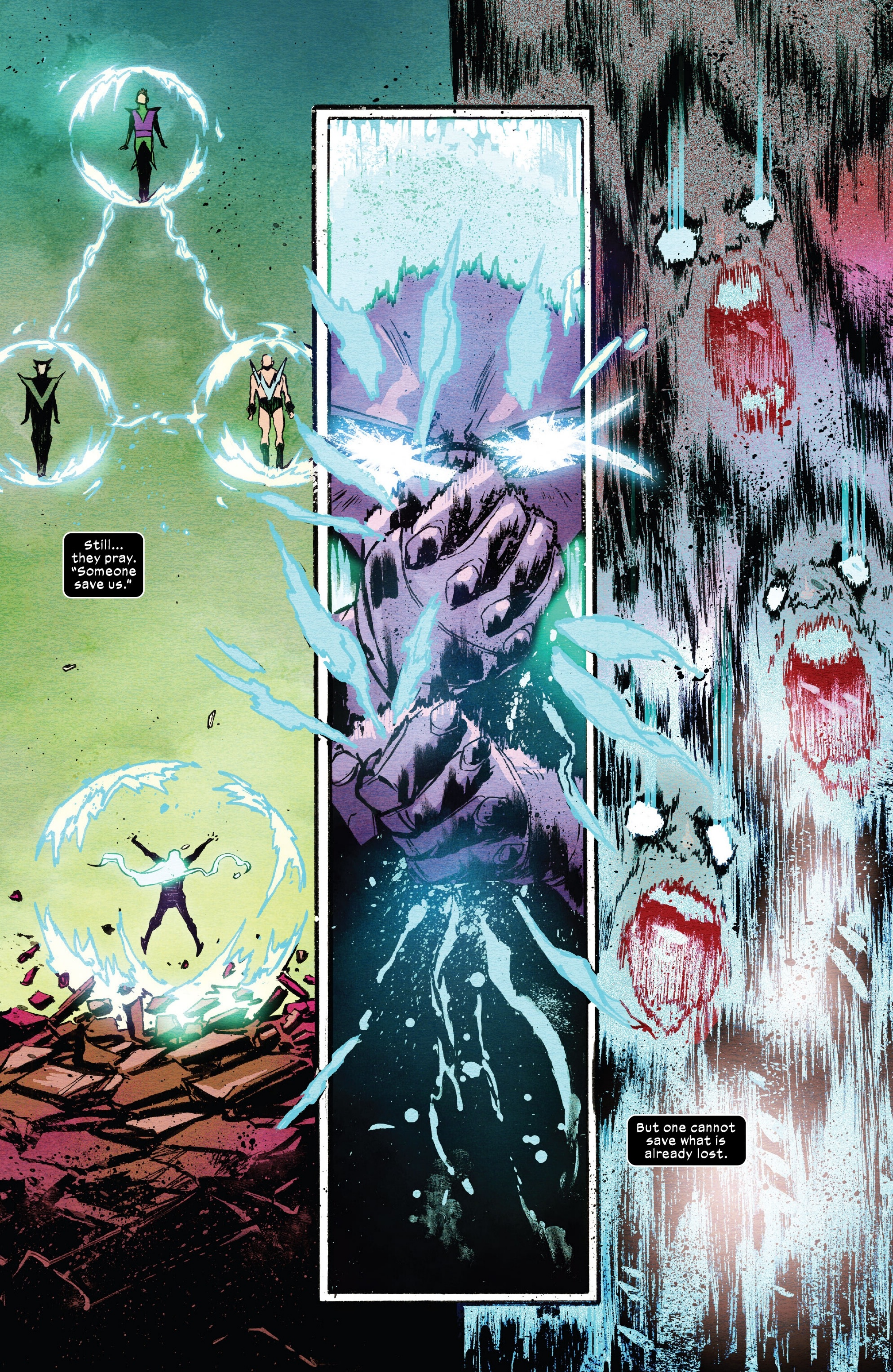


They
pray for a
miracle.

And why would
they not...I've
performed no small
number of them...

But they are praying
for someone to hold
up something that
is already collapsing
all around them.

A god came to Earth
and judged it--Galactus
judged the Earth and every
other planet that exists--
and he found that we were
not worth saving.



Still...
they pray.
"Someone
save us."

But one cannot
save what is
already lost.



So I beg you, take
a moment and think
about all the things
that are gone...



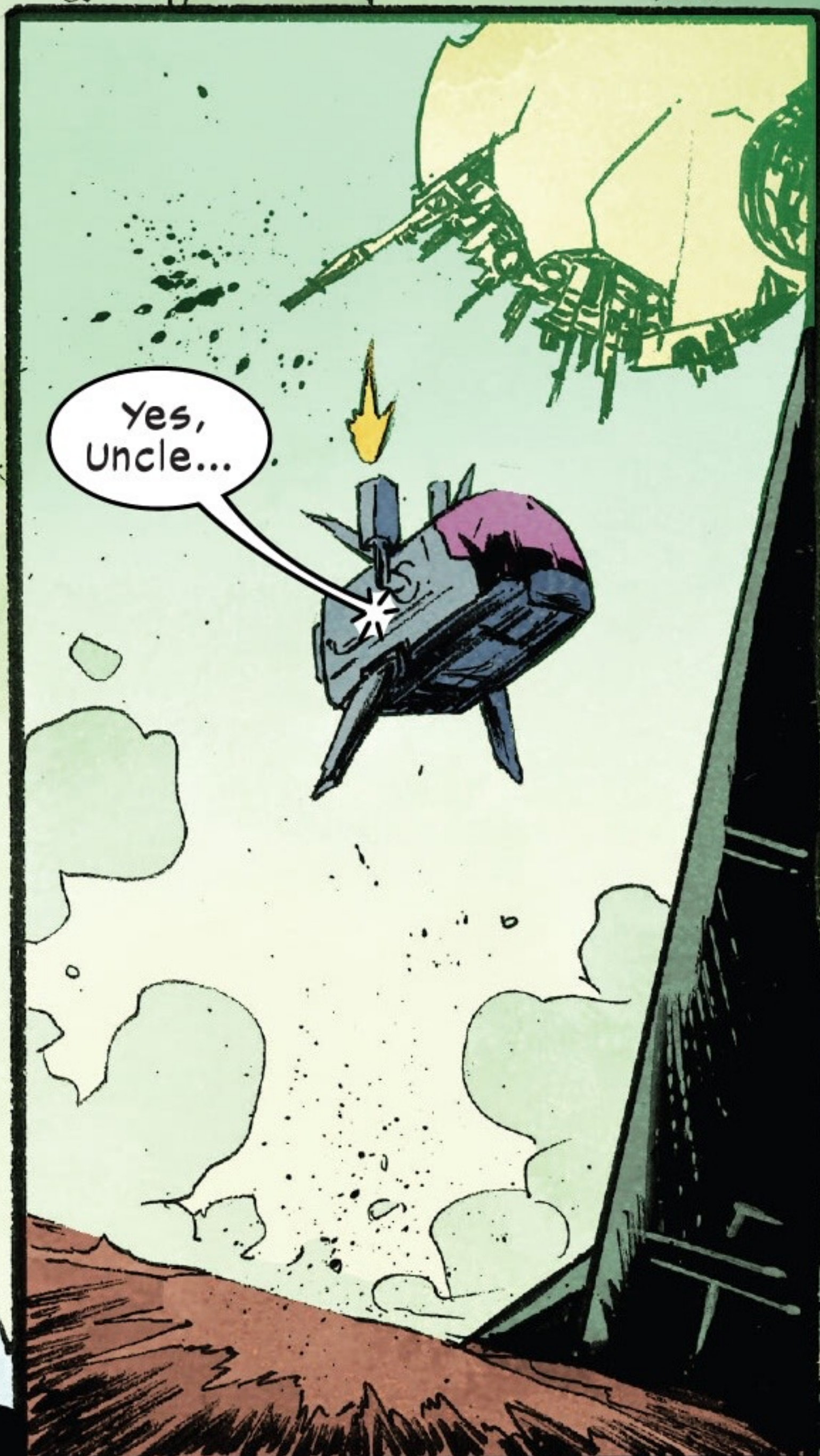
...but more than
that...what we still
have to lose.



Valeria...



Valeria,
can you hear
me?



Yes, Uncle...

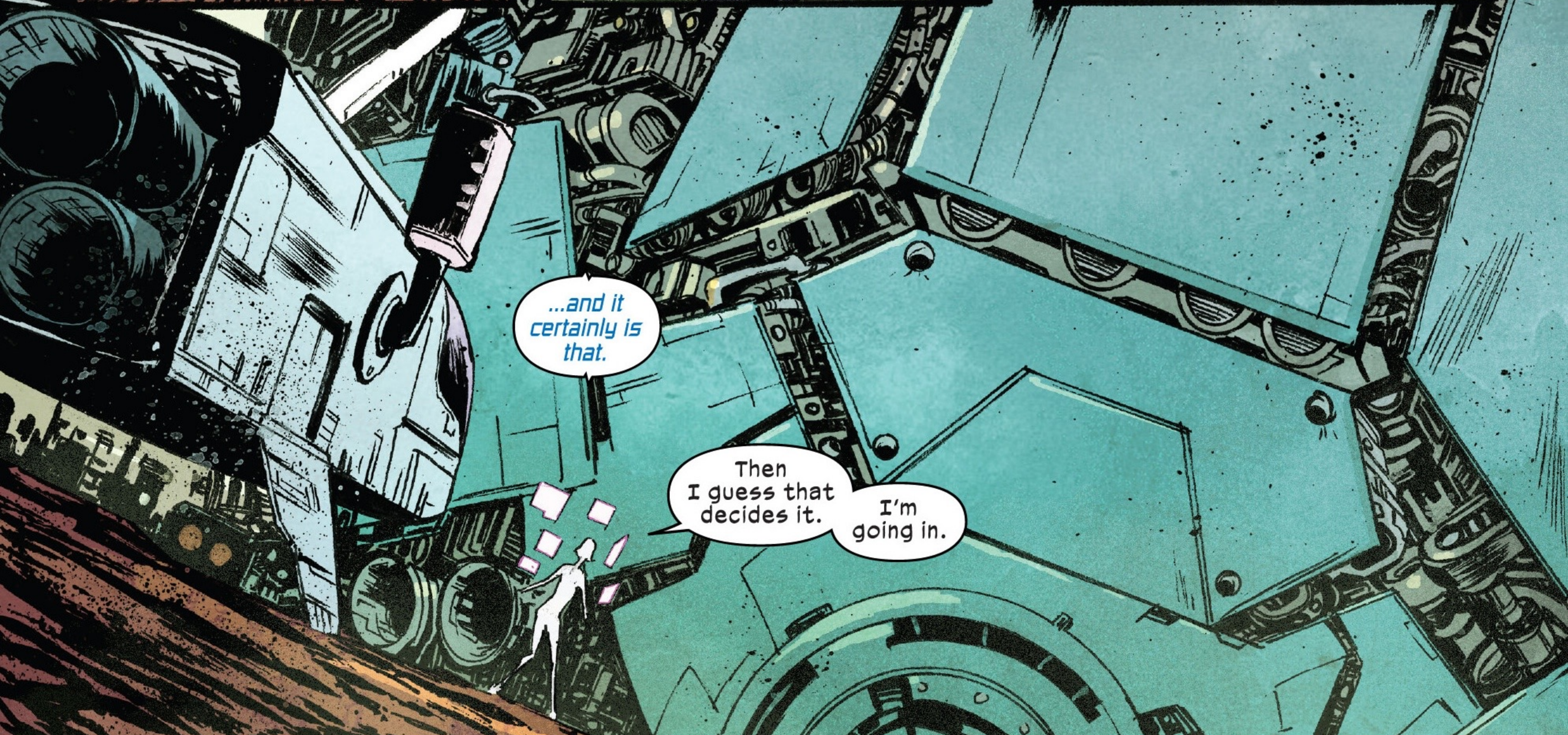


I'm approaching the machine.



H.E.R.B.I.E., is there any chance we can disarm this thing... or better yet, break it? Forever.

No. Not once it's active...



...and it certainly is that.

Then I guess that decides it.

I'm going in.



Loop yourself into the mainframe...

As much power as there is running through this thing, there should be several conduits for spillover.

Will you check--?

There are five such conduits, Valeria.



Can we close them off?

Yes. But if we do that, then--

Yeah, I know...give me access.

Uncle
Doom?

Yes,
Valeria?

I want
you to know
something...

You were
always good
to me...you
protected me...
looked after
me.

I just
want you
to know...

...I loved
you for it.

BLOOPI!

Because one day, sure
enough, that too will
be taken from you.

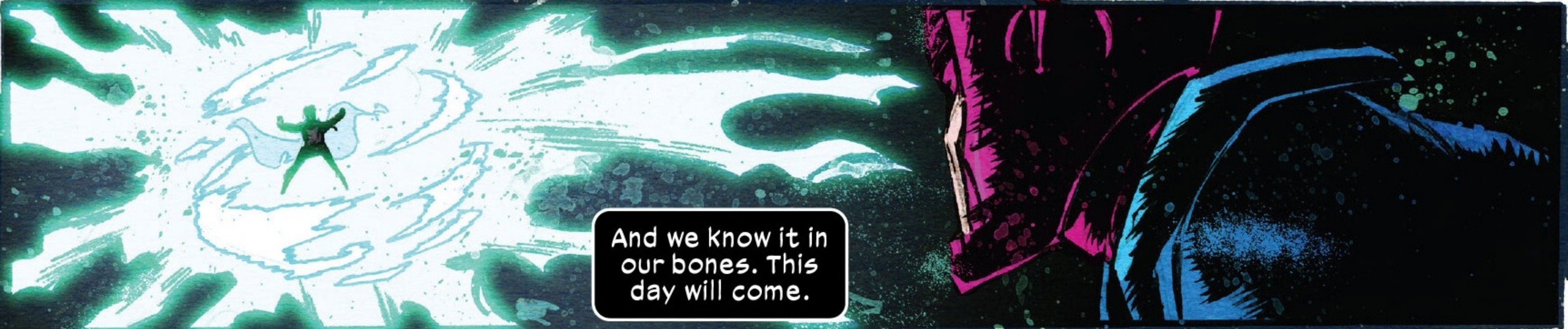


Then you will
look back on the
moments you
lived...

Judging yourself on
whether or not you did
so adequately.



This is not
nihilism. It is
certainty.



And we know it in
our bones. This
day will come.



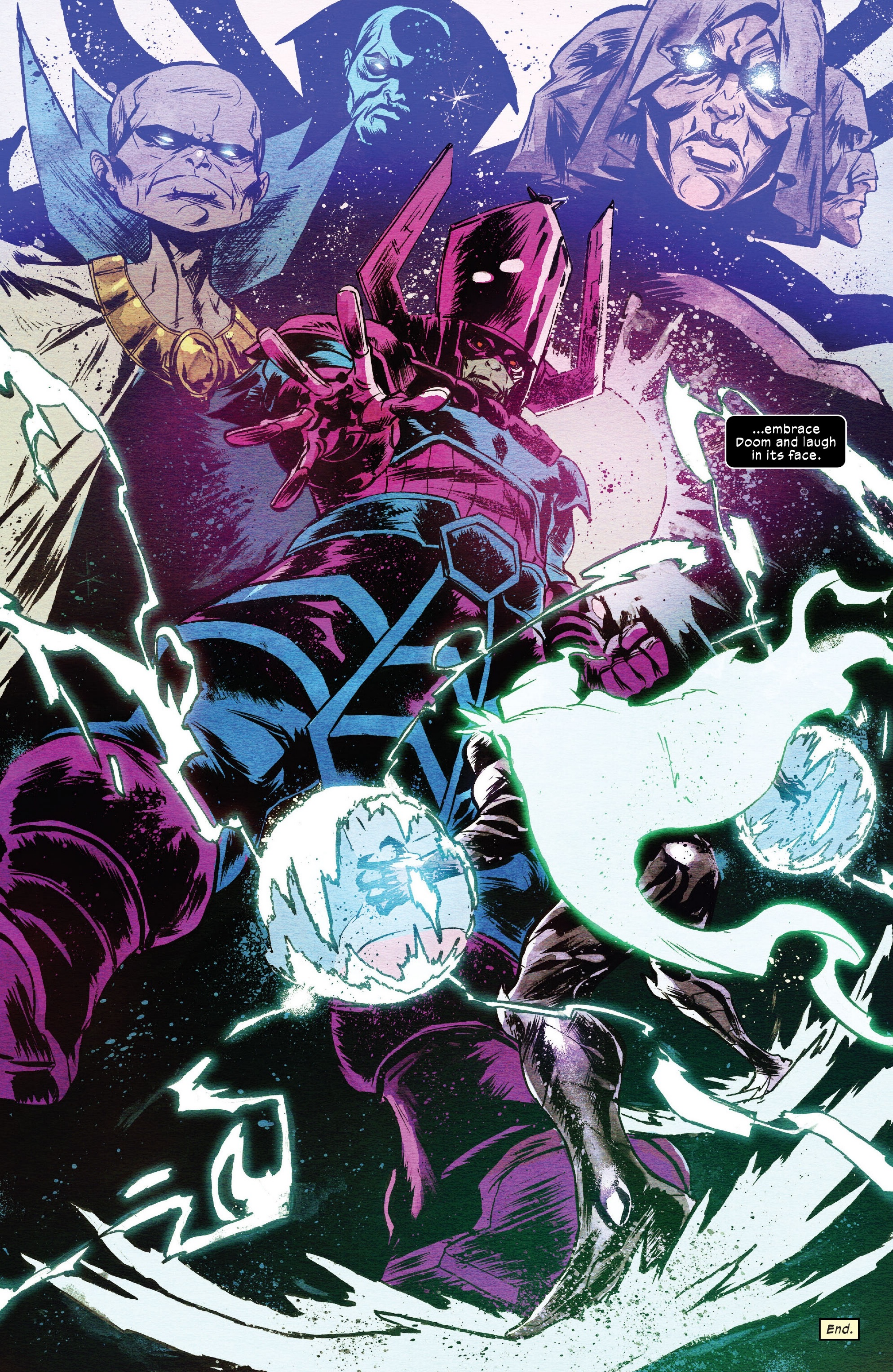
Life ends for
all of us.

So accept it...
with head
held high.

Refusing to be
judged by what
gods remain in
the universe...

And unscarred
by whatever sins
lie in your past.

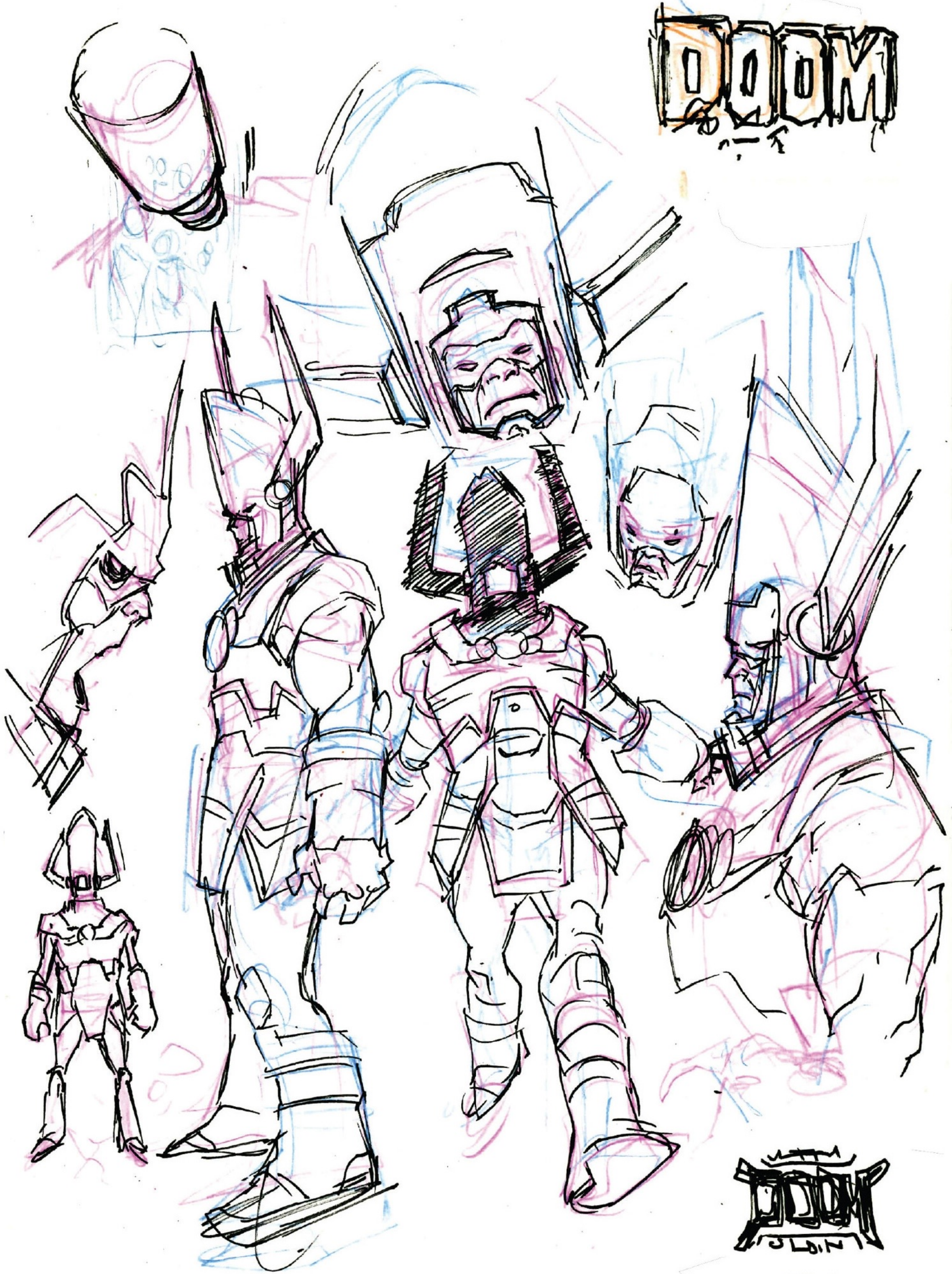
When all that
remains is one
final moment
of defiance...



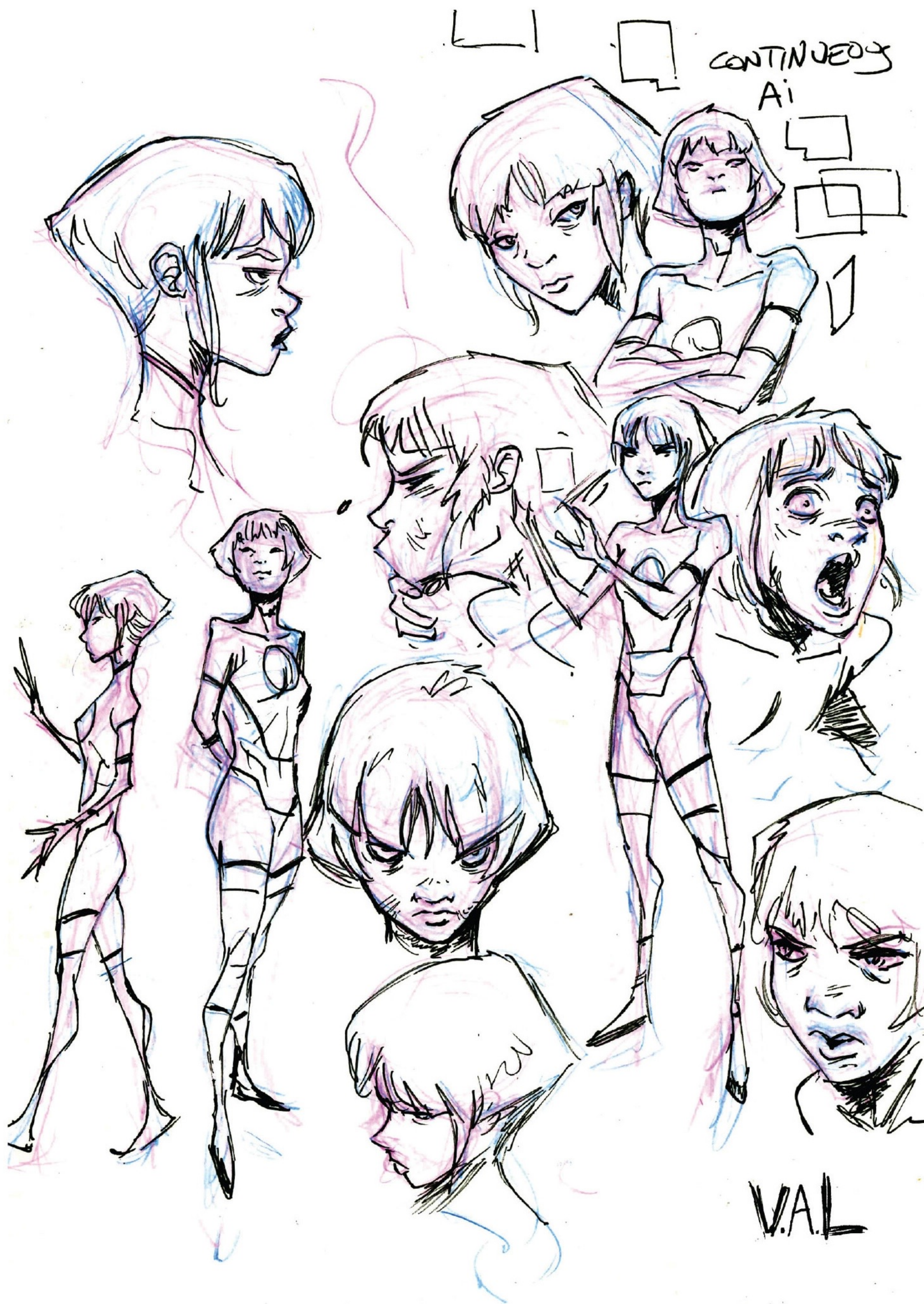
...embrace
Doom and laugh
in its face.

CHARACTER SKETCHES

BY SANFORD GREENE







CONTINUED
Ai

V.A.L

